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What Of South America

MR. BRYAN and his family are traveling in South America. He has gone leisurely down the states on the west coast, to Valparaiso and Santiago in Chile, and at last accounts was preparing to cross to Buenos Ayres. He will then probably make his way by sea or land to Rio. It cannot help but be a most instructive journey to him. It is a pity that every member of our congress cannot make a like journey. Senator Root, when secretary of state, made the journey by sea around the southern continent, stopping at the principal ports. That he was greatly impressed and instructed by the journey has been made clear in a great number of his public statements since his return. We have no doubt that it is his belief that we should cultivate a closer walk with that country, especially with the southern states of that country, for the double purpose of extending trade, and making it more natural and easier for the young men of our country who desire to carve out fortunes and high names for themselves to go there. Mr. Bryan has always opposed anything like direct aid to American steamers in the foreign trade. We shall all be curious to see how he will treat that subject on his return, for he will have seen a continent with the ships of foreign nations, carrying on an immense trade, while hardly once on his journey will he have caught sight of the flag of his own country. He will not fail to investigate that subject; he will not fail to note the nature of the trade going on there—the exchange of the raw products of the soil for the manufactured goods of Europe.

He will not fail to note that with the raw products, there is also a balance in money drifting away from those countries to the coffers of the old world, and surely no one ought to better understand the effect of that kind of trade than Mr. Bryan. He will notice, moreover, as he remains a little while in Rio and goes thence to San Salvador (Bahai) and Para, that millions of dollars' worth of the products of those ports—coffee, sugar, rubber and other products—are really consigned to the United States, either directly in foreign ships, or indirectly via Hamburg or Southampton, thus crossing the Atlantic twice, and the United States paying the freight on both voyages. He ought to have something to tell the members of his own party on his return.

In our country the tendency of the great trunk lines of railroad is to consolidate. Could Mr. Harriman have been spared a few years longer, he doubtless would have controlled two or three through lines of continental road. There is a growing discontent over the piling up of immense wealth by combinations of the rich. We wonder that such men do not read more thoughtfully the signs of the times, and quietly among themselves determine to segregate a portion of their fortunes and plant that portion in some other land. We would think they would want to imitate on American soil what Great Britain is doing in Africa—build one great continental road from the Gulf of Darien to Rio and Buenos Ayres. They could do it without using much of their own money. If they would build the first two hundred and fifty miles, from the Atrato river to Bogota, the people of this country would, from their crops, take the rest of the stock, and follow in the wake of the road and in three years drive an American wedge through the whole length of that continent and become a mighty factor in South American affairs.

Doctoring Symptoms Does Not Cure

WE are told that the administration, and some of the Republican leaders, especially in New York and Ohio, are worried over the outlook for the party, and fear that a Democratic house will be returned at the elections this year. We should not wonder if that is true. We are told that a combined effort is to be made to arrest the discontent and to solidify the ranks to meet the battle in November. That is all well enough, but if the chiefs will consult any competent physician he will tell them that as a rule it does not do much good to doctor symptoms, that the true practice is, if possible, to find the cause of the disease and remove that and then the patient promptly recovers. The truth is the Republican party has been doctoring symptoms now for three years past, when the fact is that it has done some things that it would not have done had it not trusted to its great strength to carry them through, and the chiefs have done some other things by not very honorable bargains, the reward for the acts being the promise of votes, or campaign funds, or both. Those are dangerous experiments to practice on a free and intelligent people. Then they have failed to do some things that the people expected. The new tariff does not satisfy expectations. The monetary system, which was to be a panacea for the financial ills of the country, has not yet materialized. The export trade of our country with half the inhabitants of the earth has been destroyed and no effort is being made in any direction to restore it. Save on our ships of war our flag has practically disappeared from the world's oceans. The cost of the food that the poor eat has doubled, with no corresponding advance in wages. Is it especially strange that the people are a trifle dissatisfied with the situation. Dropsy is a symptom that the heart or liver or kidneys are diseased. To tap the patient brings temporary relief, but it does not cure the heart or liver or kidneys.

An Exalted Anniversary

THE past week has been filled with notable anniversaries. First, of course, is that of Washington. He lived such a life that the advancing and receding years make no impression upon his memory, save to add to its reverence, and to give a deeper tinge to the dyes of the halo that encircles his brow in the niche of the ages.

When a new departure was to be made, when a government of the people, by the people and for the people was to be founded on a basis that would endure, a new order of men was needed, and they were created. At the head of these was George Washington. Among these were great scholars, orators and geniuses. He was neither. Among them were great captains. Save in personal courage and sound judgment he was not. Among them were great statesmen. Judged by the accomplishments of the schools, he was not. But there had to be one superior to all the others, one who possessed all courage, all patriotism, all fortitude, unfailing sagacity and unequalled judgment, and so Washington came to the world. Men acknowledged his superiority in life, the judgment of the years confirms their judgment. His real place among the men of his age was, sometimes in his life-time questioned; since his death there has never been a doubt about it. With his subtle genius, the

great Napoleon estimated him perfectly, and ordered his court to go into mourning for thirty days when he died. He saw intuitively that as the years sped on men would analyze the characters of those who were conspicuous on the world's stage in his days, and that then on the scroll of immortals the name of Washington would be written, and the letters in that august name would be all of gold. Caesar "thrice put aside a kingly crown," Washington only once put it aside, but that was sufficient. In Rome those around Caesar saw that despite his act he wanted the crown; those around Washington saw that he not only did not want it, but that it would be useless to press it. The character which he bore, gave to his bearing an impressiveness which all men marked. It mattered not whether it was amid the sorrow and suffering of Valley Forge, or when, under the black canopy of battle, or when, the great victory won, and the nation hailed him as chief magistrate. It mattered not, he was the great master and men yielded with a glad allegiance to him. That lingers still. Let any man go and stand before that humble tomb at Mount Vernon where, for more than a century he has been sleeping, and he will feel that presence.

It is right that his anniversary should be a sacred holiday to the American people. When he was born the birth of a new nation was assured. It had been determined by fate. Old methods had become obsolete and moreover, had failed. A new adjustment had been determined upon. It was to come through a mighty tragedy, one august actor was to dominate every scene, and when the final curtain was to be rung down, this actor was to become, to the world's anxious eyes, transformed, so the praying of honors to his memory can never become common-place. The temple, and the statue of gold to Jupiter have passed away; the tombs of Egypt have been rifled; the Colossus of Rhodes has crumbled to dust; men no longer turn in worship to pagan gods; but the fame of Washington is secure; no matter whatever other changes the years may bring, his record will remain without a stain or reproach as the one man who was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," because his life work established for him that record and there is not a dent in the shield of his lofty character.

This Age Of Miracles

WE heard a man recently declare that a man never had so much cause to be proud of his race and himself as now. It seems to us he has every reason to be proud of his race, but that if he makes honest comparisons, they ought to humble him, for this is the age of miracles and the single individual, as he contemplates those miracles that have been performed in his own life-time, ought to stand astonished and humble. It is a simple thing for a man when he hears the telephone ring to answer it. But does he stop to think what it all signifies? Some one, miles away, desires to speak to him. To do that forty years ago would have required days of travel and then perhaps hours of search. It is done now simply by ringing a bell, and the business has been reduced from days to five minutes of time. Is not that a miracle? A man is sitting in his office; a bell rings; he goes to the 'phone and some voice asks: "Is this Mr. Smith?" He answers, "Yes." "Mr. John